Electric Feel by bellamione17

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Summary: It's Springtime in Hawkins. The drama has passed with winter's snow and everything is back to normal... but not for everyone. The tension between Joyce and Hopper is becoming a little unbearable- and they're having trouble hiding it. Rated M for language and sexual content. Joyce/Hopper - Jopper

1. Chapter 1

A/N: This is my first time working with these characters but not my last. Important: This is also my first ever M/F fic. I've only ever written F/F so go easy on me haha. If you guys want more I will happily continue the story with what I have planned x)

He could feel her. A blur, riding against him. Ginger-brown hair tossed across a pale face. And her moans… her moans reverberated and clouded around the bubble of pleasure he found himself in. Hot, raw pleasure. But his heart was pounding. Not from adrenaline, no, it wasn't that. He was feeling something. Something different. Something new.

"Joyce," he called out into the haze of her image. Deep brown gaping eyes locked with his. He longed to look deeper but she was fading. A sound, almost like a distant foghorn was gaining power over his vision, picking up in volume as her figure began to evaporate. "Wait…" he whispered.

With a jolt Hopper's eyes shot open and he sat up in bed, staring straight ahead. He was sweating, his chest heaving. After a long moment of unblinking silence and a simmering steam-hammer heartbeat, he let out a weary sigh and looked around him, instinctively glancing beside him to make sure he hadn't taken someone home last night. Another drunken mistake. But no, he was alone. Alone. Regardless of how accustom he was to it, the word stung him. Now more than ever.

He wiped the sweat from his brow and rubbed his eyes, forcing away the dream that just wouldn't leave him be. It wasn't like that- Joyce and him. She was a friend. They went way back. She wasn't just another floozy he'd take home for a one-night stand- no- he respected this woman. He… cared for this woman. But the dreams continued still…

This had to stop.

The bleary chief flung out a blind hand and clasped his fingers

around the bottle of the whiskey on the nightstand. He brought the mouth to his lips and took a swig before swinging his legs over the side of the bed and standing. Another sigh escaped him. Was it sadness? Relief? Loneliness? Or was it just plain exhaustion? Spring had sprung in Hawkins and with the Will Byers incident behind them, the town had bounced back to life and office hours were slow. Folks were saying all was back to the way it used to be. But not for Hop.

What day was it…? Tuesday? He glanced at the clock. 10:17am. Son of a bitch. He was later than usual. Disgruntled, he pulled himself together and dragged on to the station- and what a day it was. Instant bombardment from the deputies about a relentless noise complaint. Some old kicker claiming there was a raccoon in her chimney.

"Powell, for God's sake." The chief turned to his deputy, coffee in hand, his expression stale. "Get your head outta your ass and deal with it."

"But, chief I-"

"I said deal with it!"

Just another insufferable day. But suddenly… it wasn't so insufferable. Hopper turned on his heel and collided head on with a woman. He staggered back in surprise.

"Hop!" Wide, penitent eyes stared up at him from a foot below his eyelevel. "I'm sorry I- I wasn't paying attention I-"

"Joyce," he breathed inaudibly. He shook himself of his distracting thoughts and reached down to pick up the box his friend had dropped before she had the chance. Frazzled as always. That was Joyce.

"Hey, hey, don't worry about it," Hopper reassured, placing a comforting hand on her shoulder. He felt her shiver a little and questioned whether he should have touched her- but her eyes were warm so he did not retreat. "I'm sorry, Joyce I wasn't looking where I was going." He handed her back the box.

"Actually, uh, this was meant for you!" She presented the box back to

him with both hands, her chest puffed out in sort of a proud posture. She blinked anxiously.

Hopper raised an eyebrow as he took the gift into his hands. He opened it. Inside were four donuts. "Well aren't you just Miss Thoughtful today." He gave her a chuckle and a smile.

She returned it with a slightly crooked, awkward smile. "Yeah, I, uh," she looked down to the floor and began to gesture above her head. "Will needed something from the store and they were on sale and I thought of you and well I- I mean I would have gotten them anyway even without the sale but-"

"Joyce," he stopped her. There was a trace of laughter in his voice. "Thank you, I really appreciate it."

He turned to place the white box down on the desk beside him and could have sworn she had moved closer to him when he turned back.

Goosebumps traveled up his forearm as he felt the small woman's shaky hand touch his skin. "Hop, I…" She looked up at him with those big doe eyes, reeling him in without even knowing it. "I really owe you… a lot… after what you did for my family. My Will. I know we haven't talked about it much and I just thought that… maybe you'd, I don't know, maybe you'd like to-"

"Chief!" came a voice from across the room. "Mrs. Pearce is on the phone again! We could really use your help on this one!"

Hopper held up a hand to deputy Callahan without turning to face him, hoping he'd stop shut his trap so he could focus on Joyce.

The ginger haired woman shut her eyes and shook her head, pulling her hand away from the chief. "You know what It's fine you're busy I'll let you go just um… enjoy the donuts!" She gave a half smile. Before he even had the chance to open his mouth she'd scurried out the door.

There was a moment where everything was still. The nervous knot in Hopper's stomach dissolved into bubbling fury.

"Powell, you fucking idiot!" He shouted. The station went silent.

Hopper angrily snatched the box of donuts and reached for the doorknob to his office. "I'm not to be disturbed," he spoke sharply.

The door slammed behind him and he sat down at the desk, letting his head fall into his hands. His heart was beating out of his chest. What had she been about to ask him? Was it what he thought it was? No. No he was hung up on his own feelings. She didn't think of him that way. It was probably just another lunch invitation with her and the boys. He'd begun to think of those kids as his own and there was never a moment he wasn't welcome in the Byers home. But then… why the hesitation?

He was thinking too hard about this. He needed to get his mind off of things. Work seemed like his only option. He took a deep breath and stood, approaching his office door and stepping back into the heart of the station. Quiet murmurs turned to silence yet again as Hopper entered the room. The tension was constricting.

"Sorry about that, chief," Callahan spoke finally, breaking the silence. He shot a look over at Powell and gave a little smirk. "I didn't realize you were-"

"It's fine," he said coldly. "Just give me the report from Mrs. Pearce."

Joyce stared at the ceiling, shifting constantly on the couch. It was 12:47pm. Will was at school and would be at the Wheeler's into the evening. Jonathan would be working late. She was alone. Alone. The word left a bad taste in her mouth.

"Stupid!" she blurted out suddenly, shutting her eyes tight and bringing her fist to her forehead. She *had* been stupid, she thought. Barging into Hopper's workplace to ask him out. Well not *that* kind of asking out. It was more… well… maybe it was that kind. Things were complicated between the two of them. They'd been through a lot together and it didn't feel right to call what they had a simple friendship- but to call it something more felt equally strange. This was a mild situation compared to what had taken place over the winter though. There had been stranger things.

What would she have said to him anyway? What if he had declined?

In front of everybody? She could have jeopardized their entire friendship- or whatever it was- with one question. Was it really worth it? For a chance with him? Wait no- a chance for dinner with him? Oh, who was she kidding? She certainly wasn't fooling herself and if that was the case chances are she wasn't fooling Hop either. She did have feelings for him. For a while she'd thought maybe it was just her own insistence that she owed him for what he'd done for her family. Some sort of temporary hero complex infatuation. But this was something that had been building since before… and now that they'd become close- now that he'd regularly come to her home to spend time with her and with her kids and going out of his way to see her… Things were different. But that was, in her mind, in no way a guarantee that he felt even remotely the same.

Hop was nothing like Lonnie. He cared about the kids and he cared about her. He was rugged and courageous and he never backed down even when the stakes were at their highest. And yet he was so kind. She admired that about him… but there was so much more to her admiration of the chief.

His brains and his brawn. His broad shoulders and defined jaw… He was tall and handsome. Dark and mysterious. His stunning masculinity was like a pheromone to her… switching on all of her most primal, animalistic instincts. It was mind-boggling to her how much his presence affected her physical body and not just her mind. His touch, even just brushing against her mindlessly while reaching for another scoop of potatoes at the dinner table sent a chill of pleasure down her spine and she'd find herself embarrassed.

Joyce had been lost in thought for some time now and upon returning her mind to her body she found that she'd shifted again. Her hand was now resting between her legs. She quickly pulled it away, feeling embarrassed even in the empty living room. My God she was a mess. A bead of sweat rolled down her forehead as she tried to still her hips. Her nipples were hard beneath her shirt and… was she-?

Cautiously, she slipped her fingers under the waistline of her pants and jolted, biting back a groan as she proved her suspicion to be true. She was wet. When was the last time she'd felt this way? She couldn't even remember. Wide eyes fell to heavy lids as she found herself

unable to remove her hand from her heated core. She let weary eyes fall shut and allowed herself this moment of pleasure. Nimble yet uneasy fingers explored the long neglected area, igniting all the tension that had been building as she felt more and more towards Hop. Sometimes she'd wake in the night gasping from a dream she'd been having of them… together… but she always shook it off, ashamed.

Joyce let the shame fall away. The anxiety, the worries, everything melted into pleasure as she circled her clit with two fingers to the rhythm of her rolling hips. "Oh, Hop…" she breathed, her back arching and her head pressing back into the couch. She lifted her knees and spread her legs for better access, letting the pleasure take control as she desperately reached for her own breasts, pinching the hard nipples between two of her fingers. She was on fire. Electric.

White noise began to flood her ears, cutting her off from the world and lifting her onto a cloud… when suddenly everything came crashing down.

There was a series of bangs on the front door. Joyce's hands flew to the air and she flipped off the couch onto the floor, scrambling to her feet.

"Joyce are you in there?"

Oh sweet Jesus it was Hop.

"One- one second!" she shouted, her voice trembling. She barreled down the hall to the bathroom and straightened herself out in the mirror. The banging came again.

Finally she made it to the door, flinging it open and putting one hand up on the doorframe. She was panting, leaning forward to catch her breath. "Hop! Hi! Wasn't expecting you!" She shifted nervously, avoiding eye contact.

The chief looked concerned. "Did I catch you at a bad time…?" He glanced over her shoulder, half expecting to see someone else inside.

"NO, no, I'm fine. I mean the timing is fine. I mean- just-" She took a

deep breath and centered her composure as best she could. Her face was almost pleading. "Would you like to come in?"

2. UPDATE! Please read!

I'm finally back and ready to write! Is anyone still interested in where this is going? I'd love to continue before the new season comes out this fall. Also thank you for all the lovely reviews on the first chapter! 3

-Alex